THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 19, 1801.

ANECDOTES OF DR. HUGH BLAIR.

ON Saturday, December 27, 1800, died, at Edinburgh, in the eighty-third year of his age, the Rev. Hugh Blair, D. D. Profeſſor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in that Univerſity, Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Honorary Member of the Highland Society of London, &c. and author of ſome of the moſt popular works on ſubjects of piety, taſte, and morals, which have appeared in Europe.

Dr. Blair was born at Edinburgh, in April, 1718. His father was a younger brother of the antient family of Blair, and a clergyman of the church of Scotland. After a courſe of liberal education at the ſchools, and in the univerſity of his native city, the ſon took the degree of Maſter of Arts, and entered into holy orders, in the year 1742. He was preſented, that ſame year, to the rural benefice of Colleſſie in the county of Fife. From Colleſſie, he was ſoon tranſlated to the Canongate Church at Edinburgh. In the year 1758, he became firſt miniſter of that which is called the High Church of Edinburgh. The Univerſity of St. Andrew's about that time conferred on him the honour of Doctor in Divinity. In 1761, the profeſſorſhip of Rhetoric and Belles Letters was inſtituted in the Univerſity of Edinburgh, for the purpoſe of being filled by Dr. Blair. He was one of thoſe who promoted the collection, the tranſlation, and the Engliſh publication of the poems of Oſſian. His own firſt publication was a critical diſſertation on thoſe poems, which accompanied the tranſlation by Macpherſon.

In the year 1777, he publiſhed the firſt volume of thoſe Sermons which have been ſo generally read and admired. The late Dr. Samuel Johnſon was one of the firſt to praiſe them. The ſucceſs of his firſt volume encouraged him to add a ſecond. A third and a fourth, after different intervals, followed. They were all received with the ſame ardent approbation. They have been reprinted, we believe, almoſt to a twentieth edition by the London proprietors of the copy right. In Ireland and America they have paſſed through ſeveral editions.

In the year 1783, Dr. Blair was permitted to retire from the official exerciſe of his duties, as Profeſſor of Rhetoric; ſtill continuing, however, to enjoy the ſalary of that appointment, and to retain the character of Profeſſor Emeritus. His lectures were ſoon after made public from the preſs. Temperance, exerciſe, and the advantages of a conſtitution of body naturally ſound and healthful, preſerved him—to within a few years of his death, in full ability to diſcharge the clerical duties of his office. He had ſurvived his wife, who died a few years ſince; and his only child a lovely daughter, who was ſuddenly ſnatched away by a fever, in the flower of her age. To the laſt, he remained equal to the duties, and the ſober enjoyments of domeſtic life.

His emoluments, at firſt moderate, were gradually increaſed. As a miniſter of Edinburgh he had a ſtipend of 200l. a year: as Profeſſor of Rhetoric he had an annual ſalary of 70l. from about the time of the publication of the ſecond volume of his Sermons, he had a penſion from her Majeſty of 200l. annually, which, when he ceaſed to lecture on rhetoric, was augmented to 300l. The copy-money of his works, received at different times, might amount in all to 4000l. His ſtyle of living was comfortable and reſpectable; he entertained his friends with elegant hoſpitality: divided his year between the town and its rural environs, and kept his carriage. His expences were carefully regulated; and he has, it is ſaid, left a fortune of between 15,000l. and 20,000l.

If the merits of an author may be eſtimated by the popularity and general uſefulneſs of his writings, it will be impoſſible to deny Dr. Blair as a man of taſte and judgment, almoſt the very firſt rank among his contemporaries. His Critical Diſſertations on the Poems of Oſſian, combine the philoſophy of Ariſtotle with the eloquence of Longinus: mingles the metaphyſical criticiſm of the Scotch with that criticiſm of mere taſte and erudition which is preferred by the

the Engliſh; diſplays above all, a ſoundneſs of judgment, and a delicate ſenſe of propriety, which are ſcarcely rivalled by any other critical production either in ancient or modern times.

At the period when his Sermons were firſt offered to the world, this ſpecies of writing had loſt almoſt all its former power over the minds of the public.—Mere elegance and propriety of ſtyle could have had but ſmall effect to make ſermons ſo ſuddenly popular and eminently faſhionable. It was the ſkill with which they were adapted to the very tone of the public taſte, humour, and judgment. It was the union which they exhibited of mild religion, and of pure and liberal philoſophy, with diſcriminating obſervation on the modes of human conduct, and the fortunes of human life.—It was, in conjunction with ſuch qualities, that epic unity of compoſition, that luminous beauty and juſtneſs of arrangement, that ſpirit of propriety and diſcretion pervading them in every part—to which his Sermons owed that ſudden but ſtill riſing popularity which they have, ever ſince their firſt publication, enjoyed.

His eloquence is vigorous, lively, and ſplendid; always correct, but rarely riſing to the higheſt pitch of vehemence or ſublimity.

His Sermons have been tranſlated into the French, Dutch, German, Sclavonic, and Italian languages. His Lectures have been lately tranſlated, among other languages, into the Spaniſh. He has left ſome poſthumous works; and we hope ſoon to announce them to the public. It ſhould be added, that his conduct as a Chriſtian, and a man, was worthy of every praiſe.

Dr. Johnſon's Deſcription of the Perſon of Mr. Pope.

THE perſon of Pope is well known not to have been formed by the niceſt model. He has, in his account of the Little Club, compared himſelf to a ſpider, and by another is deſcribed as protuberant behind and before. He is ſaid to have been beautiful in his infancy; but he was of a conſtitution originally feeble and weak: and as bodies of a tender frame are eaſily diſtorted, his deformity was probably in part the effect of his application. His ſtature was ſo low, that, to bring him to a level with common tables, it was ne-

ceſſary to raiſe his ſeat. But his face was not diſpleaſing, and his eyes were animated and vivid.

By natural deformity, or accidental diſtortion, his vital functions were ſo much diſordered, that his life was a long diſeaſe. His moſt frequent aſſailant was the head-ach, which he uſed to relieve by inhaling the ſteam of coffee, which he very frequently required.

Moſt of what can be told concerning his petty peculiarities was communicated by a female domeſtic of the Earl of Oxford, who knew him perhaps after the middle of life. He was then ſo weak as to ſtand in perpetual need of female attendance; extremely ſenſible of cold, ſo that he wore a kind of fur doublet, under a ſhirt of very coarſe warm linen with fine ſleeves. When he roſe, he was inveſted in boddice made of ſtiff canvas, being ſcarcely able to hold himſelf erect till they were laced, and he then put on a flannel waiſtcoat. One ſide was contracted. His legs were ſo ſlender, that he enlarged their bulk with three pair of ſtockings, which were drawn on and off by the maid; for he was not able to dreſs or undreſs himſelf, and neither went to bed nor roſe without help. His weakneſs made it very difficult for him to be clean.

His hair had fallen almoſt all away: and he uſed to dine ſometimes with Lord Oxford, privately, in a velvet cap. His dreſs of ceremony was black with a tye-wig, and a little ſword.

Memoirs of Wieland, the celebrated German Poet.

WEIMAR is juſtly reputed to be at preſent the favourite abode of the German muſes; the names of the moſt diſtinguiſhed literary characters of that city are as follows:—

Wieland, Von Gothe, Herder, Richder, Bottiger, Bertuch, Falk, Von Kotzebue, Von Einſiedel, Von Linkert, Von Knebel, Jagemann, Maier, the painter, Maier, the hiſtorian, Hunnius, Von Seckendorf, Vulpius; of the fair ſex, Madame Von Wohlzogen, Mademoiſelle Von Imhof, Madame Von Kalb.

Wieland, Counſellor to the Duke of Weimar.—This venerable laurel-crowned patriarch of the German muſes paſſes now his laſt halcyon days, remote from the buſtle and troubleſome conſtraints of the great world, at his peaceful country-ſeat, Oſſmannſtadt, in the vicinity of Weimar. There he divides his tranquil, but ſtill diligently employed hours,

betwixt

betwixt the Bucolic and the Parnaſſian muſe; on the altar of which latter we have hitherto ſeen the offerings of the aged bard ſtill burn with the bright flame of youth.

Wieland married his favourite daughter Charlotte, who had accompanied the Daniſh poet Baggaſen and his lady in a tour to Switzerland, to a bookſeller in Zurich, a ſon of the celebrated poet Salomon Geſſner. Weiland had reſided during the moſt delightful period of his life at Zurich, where he formed a friendſhip with the German Theocritus; and it gave him infinite pleaſure, to embrace as his ſon-in-law, the ſon of his friend.

In the year 1797 he made, with his family, a journey to Zurich, to viſit his children there; and inhabited for ſome months a pleaſant country-houſe in a romantic ſituation on the border of the lake of Zurich; where he was viſited by the moſt eſteemed literati of Switzerland, a Heſs, Fuſsly, Hottinger, Peſtalozzi, Bronner, &c. With Lavater, however, he had no intercourſe.

Here he was ſeized with an irreſiſtible longing for a country life; and therefore, when late in the autumn of the ſame year he returned to Weimar, he ſold his commodious houſe in the city, and purchaſed the ſmall eſtate where he now reſides. The lands belonging to this eſtate are not extenſive; but the dwelling-houſe is very ſpacious and convenient; having been built on a large ſcale by Count Bunau, celebrated author of a Hiſtory of Germany. Weiland retained his eſtate in his own hands, and has it cultivated under the direction of his ſons: but has at firſt to contend with great economical difficulties. He is not rich; for he has always been very beneficent and liberal, and in the early part of his literary career was badly paid by the bookſellers who publiſhed his works. For ſome of his beſt early poems, for his Amadis and his Muſarion, he ſcarcely received a few hundred dollars.

Wieland has aſſiſted many diſtreſſed young poets and authors, in whom he thought he diſcovered promiſing talents, much more liberally than could have been expected from a man of his fortune; and frequently paid more than their value for their contributions to the German Mercury, a periodical work which he publiſhes ſince the year 1773; that he might thus generouſly relieve their diſtreſſes without hurting their feelings. Thus he received with open arms the Ex-monk Reinhold, who had made his eſcape from Vienna; and at laſt gave him one of his daughters in marriage. This is the ſame Mr. Reinhold who is at preſent Profeſſor of Philoſophy

ſophy at Kiel, in Holſtein. At a later period another monk fled to him from a Ciſtercian monaſtery in Swabia: and him too he ſupported for ſome years, whilſt ſtudying philoſophy at the Univerſity of Jena.

To only a few favourites of nature it is given to arrive to ſo advanced an age with the powers of their mind ſo freſh and unimpaired. Around him plays yet the ſunſhine of a youthful gaiety and humour, which are communicated as by enchantment, to all who approach him. Under the ſnow of old age, his genius ſeems to enjoy an eternal ſpring. Simplicity, mildneſs, and philanthropy, are diſtinguiſhing traits in his character; and, as in an angelic picture of Raphael, there beams forth in his countenance the tranquil transfiguration of a perfected ſpirit and of a fainted heart. What chiefly cauſes him vexation, is that mankind in his opinion, are continually growing worſe and more depraved. It is a remarkable circumſtance, that this kind of ſcepticiſm is moſtly obſervable in men of the nobleſt minds. And there is a point of view in which it may be explained. The meaſure by which a man judges the world without, is his own heart; and the nobler his own heart is, the greater are his demands from the world: and it may often happen, that the world ſeems to have gone backward, and is ſtill to go backward in the path of morality; whilſt it is in fact only he that has gone forward, and ſtill goes forward.

Mankind at large cannot keep pace with the individual ſtriving after perfection, and ſteadily purſuing his courſe without interruption. From the ſame turbid ſource of ſcepticiſm probably flow the rapid changes of opinion which his enemies object to this great man with reſpect to politics; as in a lucid moment his heart again becomes reconciled with mankind, but immediately after, perhaps on reading the next news-paper, again gives itſelf up to unbelief and deſpair. A mind like his fluctuates in a continual attraction and repulſion, love for, and indignation againſt the human race, which in no age or country ſhews a firm and ſtable character.

Yes, who could believe it, ſo firmly has this opinion laid hold of the mind of Wieland, that he is willing to ſacrifice to it even his own merit as an author. If he be aſked, why, notwithſtanding his unbelief of the progreſſive amelioration of man, he ſtill employs his pen towards bettering him, and ſeems to wiſh to promote that improvement the exiſtence of which he denied; he replies: "I do not know how that happens; I cannot help writing; it comes upon me like bleeding at the noſe, and I let it run."

Notwithſtanding the extreme weakneſs of his frame, this ſingular man ſtill enjoys the moſt perfect health: and the goddeſſes of deſtiny ſeem willing to add, under the benign influence of a country air, many a ſerenely cheerful year to the life of their favourite. His labours are to him the beſt medicine and refreſhment. On the other hand, a few idle hours are ſufficient to bring a fit of ſickneſs upon him. Nothing in nature is ſo hateful and dangerous to him as the wind.

Wieland has a numerous family: three ſons and ſix daughters. Two of the ſons apply to rural œconomy, and ſuperintend the cultivation of their father's eſtate; the third is purſuing his ſtudies. Of the daughters, three are married, and two are widows, which latter reſide with their children in their father's houſe at Oſſmannſtadt.

An affecting picture it is, to conceive to oneſelf the fond and happy father in the midſt of his family, in his peaceful retreat at Oſſmannſtadt, free, and in the poſſeſſion of a long wiſhed for eſtate: but ſtill more affecting it is, to ſee this *ſacra familia* itſelf under the palms of Oſſmannſtadt, where love, concord, and content, hold them entwined with their unfading flowery-wreaths.

To his friends who here viſit him in his rural retreat, Wieland appears a true Jupiter Xenius; only he requires on their part, a taſte for, and anticipation in his tranquil felicity. Nor is there any neceſſity for the gueſts making empty compliments. It is a charming place. Wieland's eſtate is ſituated in a tranquil pleaſant valley. The garden, the poet's favourite haunt, and, in its preſent form, moſtly the work of the embelliſhing hand of his poſſeſſor, is a moſt delightful ſpot. A long row of lime trees leads to a very romantic grove, below which the neighbouring Ilm with ſoft murmuring haſtens along. Here, during the ſultry hours of the day, one generally finds the happy poet, ſurrounded by the harmonious choirs of the birds, ſitting under the ſhadow of an umbrageous tree, with a book in his hand. Horace cannot have felt himſelf happier in his beloved much-ſung Sabinum, than Wieland in his beloved unſung Oſſmannſtadt. Wieland takes great pleaſure in huſbandry: he conſults for inſtruction every good book on the ſcience of rural œconomy; and, as in himſelf, ſo all around him we ſee the uſeful and the beautiful joined in amicable union.

The poet, however, thus happily ſaved from the ſtorms of the world, is not ſo wholly abſorpt in the enjoyment of this rural felicity, as to have bidden adieu for ever to his maternal

Weimar,

Weimar, whom he firſt encircled with a laurel wreath, and to whoſe name he firſt communicated poetic harmony. He from time to time viſits her operas and theatres; and, while liſtening to the ſtrains of a Mozart, or to the ſublime productions of a Schiller, willingly forgets for a few hours his beloved Tiber.

At the time when Schiller's Wallenſtein was firſt acted on the Weimar ſtage, he remained eight days in that city.

Martini's *Una coſa rara*, likewiſe, whoſe dulcet tones are above all pleaſing to his ear, ſometimes entice him back again within the walls he has left.—The vicinity of Tinfurt, the uſual ſummer reſidence of his old faithful friend, the Ducheſs Amelia, mother of the reigning Duke of Weimar, often induces Wieland to exchange his beloved ſhades for that ſacred vale of friendſhip, there in confidential converſation, or at the exhilarating banquet to recal to recollection the chearful hours of former times.

(To be continued.)

Propoſal for introducing Medical and Surgical Puniſhments.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

THE multiplication of penal ſtatutes has given riſe to many ſerious diſquiſions on the wiſdom of the laws, their failure, and the difficulty of carrying them into execution; and ſome gentlemen of profound habits of thinking have ſunk ſo deep in this ſubject, as to aſſert, almoſt in plain terms, that penal laws are good for nothing, becauſe crimes are as frequent after they have been enacted as before. Others have inquired, and I confeſs with ſome propriety, into the right of any community to inflict the puniſhment of *death* upon its member; and, if I am not miſtaken, this puniſhment is in America reſtricted to murderers of the worſt claſs only.

Meditating upon theſe ſubjects a few nights ago, it occurred to me that the fault of our laws might perhaps conſiſt in the puniſhments we inflict not being properly proportioned to the crimes; or, in other words, that rogues have been far more fertile in deviſing new crimes, than honeſt men, or legiſlators (who *ipſo facto* are honeſt men), have been ingenious in varying their means of puniſhment. To enumerate all the crimes for which the law ordains puniſhment,

would require a much larger ſpace than you might be diſpoſed to allow to ſuch a purpoſe; but all the puniſhments in uſe may, I believe, be expreſſed in theſe few words, *death*, *baniſhment*, *impriſonment*, *whipping*, *pillory*, and *fines*. There are ſix puniſhments to at leaſt ſix hundred ſpecies of crimes; and, by the bye, to ſave myſelf the trouble, I beg leave to refer the curious reader to Mr. Colquhoun's two volumes on the London and Marine Police, where he will find the *genera* and *ſpecies* of rogues claſſified in a truly Linnæan ſyſtem, and often with Linnean names.

Perhaps, therefore, I ſay, the failure of our penal laws may proceed from a want of connection between the crime and the puniſhment. But it is not my intention at preſent to attempt to eſtabliſh this connection: I leave that to wiſer heads, and proceed to inform you, that, in the courſe of my meditations aforeſaid, I recollected a plan put into my hands ſome years ago, for "commuting all puniſhments for *operations* of *pharmacy* and *ſurgery*." The worthy gentleman who propoſed this ſcheme had principally in his eye the frequency of executions, which he thought diſgraceful to a country boaſting its humanity; and his idea was, inſtead of hanging ſo many felons, to make them ſubmit to certain experiments and operations in phyſic and ſurgery. Hereby, ſaid he to me, with all the enthuſiaſm of a ſchemer, ſcience will be promoted as well as crimes puniſhed, by rogues being obliged to ſubmit to operations, which, I am ſorry to ſay, we can ſcarcely perſuade honeſt men to undergo, although their lives are in danger; and I know ſo much of theſe operations, that I will venture to ſay, that, if my ſcheme be adopted, felons will underſtand what it is to ſuffer the pains of law better than ever they did.

This plan of my learned friend, however, did not ſucceed at the time it was propoſed, and I know not why; I am, however, hopeful that it may meet with a more gracious reception from the public at preſent, when the invention of *ſubſtitutes* is greatly the faſhion, and when we have ingenious men who undertake to find *ſubſtitutes* for almoſt every neceſſary of life, from a *militia-man to a joint of meat*. Now, as it is notorious that the puniſhment of felons is very expenſive to Government, and as Government, like all other well regulated families, muſt be ſenſible of the hardneſs of the times, I flatter myſelf I am performing an acceptable ſervice by propoſing a cheap ſubſtitute for puniſhments.

It is almoſt needleſs to ſay, that the ſcience of ſurgery is very much obſtructed by the want of opportunities for ope-

rations and experiments before the ſtudent arrives at actual practice with his patients. It is a very awkward thing, and would be very ſhocking if it were known, that a ſurgeon ſhould be able to ſay to a patient, "Sir, I am come to cut off your leg; but as this is the firſt time I ever performed the operation, you muſt excuſe me, if I don't go through it as I could wiſh." This, Mr. Editor, would ſurely be very ſhocking and very unſafe; whereas, it is obvious, that by the ſcheme I propoſe, at leaſt twenty ſtudents may go through the whole ſeries of operations in the courſe of one Old Bailey ſeſſions, greatly to their improvement, and to the furtherance of the law.

Another advantage would be, that, as the operations of ſurgery are very numerous, they might afford that variety of puniſhment which ſeems very much wanted in order to proportion puniſhments to crimes; and the antipathy of the lower claſſes to ſurgical operations is ſo ſtrong, that I truſt I need not expatiate on this as a powerful argument in favour of the ſcheme. The ſight of a a caſe of inſtruments would create more terror than the ſight of a cat-o-nine-tails, which I am told there are various ways to evade. For ſlight offences, or firſt offences, it may perhaps be neceſſary to order the felon to be put under the hands of an apothecary's boy for a week or fortnight. Crimes of the next degree of atrocity might be puniſhed by a gentle diſlocation; as we riſe higher in offence, we aſcend through the various degrees of fractures ſimple and compound, up to the trepan, or lithotomy.

Methinks I hear the Recorder paſſing ſentence at the concluſion of an Old Bailey ſeſſions in this manner:

"You, John Glim, have been found guilty of houſebreaking: it only remains for me that I pronounce the ſentence of the law, which is, that you be taken from thence to Surgeon's Hall, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the city of Weſtminſter, and county of Middleſex, and there be cut for a *fiſtula*."

"You, Thomas Vagrant, have been found guilty of ſtealing privately. The ſentence of the law is that your right hand ſhould be cut off; but the court, in conſideration of your having a numerous family, whom you maintain by your profeſſion as a ballad-ſinger, hath been pleaſed to remit that part of your ſentence, and orders that you be *qualified for the Opera Houſe*."

This, Sir, would alter the face of things in Newgate; inſtead of rioting, drinking, and ſwearing, which are too much

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to be heard in all our jails, we ſhould hear nothing but groans, and ſcreams, and the direful operation of boluſes and juleps. The Newgate Calendar then would be a liſt of caſes in ſurgery; and the keeper, if he found a priſoner refractory, might eaſily procure ſuch advice from the firſt ſurgeon in the neighbourhood, as would effectually prevent his running away.

Upon highwaymen, footpads, and all ſuch blood-thirſty fellows, I would have the various kinds of *ſtyptics* tried; experiments might alſo be made with *gun-ſhot* wounds, a ſpecies of retaliation which would admirably ſerve the purpoſes of ſcience and juſtice. As to crimes committed in a ſtate of intoxication; for the leſſer ſpecies, a courſe of quack medicines might probably be ſevere enough; but for the more atrocious, it would be abſolutely neceſſary to puniſh by tapping. Not that I mean that the ſentence of the Judge ſhould be definitive. Alleviating circumſtances ought ſtill to appeal to the fountain of mercy, and in caſes where the jury ſtrongly recommend to mercy, his Majeſty would no doubt remit the *trocar* or the *biſtoury*, as might ſeem fit. Very heinous offences committed by females, might be puniſhed by operations incident to the ſex, ſuch as experiments on the nervous ſyſtem, on the tongue, &c. or perhaps the *cæſarian operation* might be ordered in lieu of *hanging*; and, if we may believe ſome learned profeſſional men who have lately tried that operation, it would not amount to much more than a reſpite for a week!

As to petty offences, bleeding and tooth-drawing would be in general ſufficient, and perhaps as good for the morals as beating hemp and blaſpheming; or the apothecaries might be permitted to try the effect of ſome new invented medicine. I fancy I ſhall ſome day or other read in the newſpapers a paragraph like the following:

"Yeſterday three men and a woman were brought before the Lord Mayor, for getting drunk and making a riot in a public houſe at unſeaſonable hours; but, on their making a handſome apology for their conduct, and promiſing to behave better in future, his Lordſhip was pleaſed to order that each ſhould take a box of Dr. Humbug's cathartic pills, and be diſcharged."

In this plan, I humbly preſume, it is very obvious that various perſons would be gratified. Men of ſcience would be undoubtedly pleaſed with ſo extenſive a range of experimental practice; and I truſt there is enough in the ſcheme to ſatisfy thoſe who think that our puniſhments are in general too lenient. Executioners and jailors may be bribed, and

there are various ways of ſoftening puniſhments ordered by the law; but the gentlemen to be employed upon my plan would have too much intereſt in its ſucceſs to be ſwayed by any conſiderations of another kind, or to be prevailed upon to lay down the knife or the lancet before law and juſtice had been fully ſatisfied. Beſides, ſhould a greater degree of ſeverity be contended for in the caſe of certain crimes, than an expert operator might inflict, we have bungling ſurgeons and blundering apothecaries enough, whoſe handy work and preſcriptions would amount to the full rigour of the law; or the numerous tribe of advertizing doctors might be employed, and I hope none will ſay that the puniſhment in that caſe would not be perfectly adequate to the crime.

Having ſuggeſted theſe hints, Mr. Editor, I leave them and the whole ſcheme to the conſideration of your readers; I truſt they will weigh it with impartiality, and determine whether it is or is not entitled to a preference over the preſent ſyſtem.

I am, Sir, your moſt obedient,

A FRIEND TO JUSTICE AND SURGERY.

FILIAL PIETY *of the* IRISH MOUNTAINEERS.

ONE virtue of the moſt amiable kind they practiſe with unremitting zeal—filial piety. No nation, not even the Chineſe, can pay more reſpectful attention and implicit obedience to their parents. As there are no pariſh work-houſes in Ireland, except in ſome of the principal towns, conſequently the country would abound with deſtitute old people, were it not for the gratitude of their progeny. The Iriſh peaſant, but eſpecially the mountaineer, protects his parents in the decline of their years. The mothers aſſiſt in nurſing, carding, or ſpinning; the fathers hobble about the farms, directing the young men at their work. At night, the beſt and eaſieſt ſeat is appropriated to the ancient father and mother, and the moſt nutritious food in the houſe is ſerved up to them. It really is an edifying and lovely ſight to behold the reſpectful attention paid by thoſe peaſants to their aged parents, while the grand-children are taught to addreſs them in the moſt endearing language, nay to crave their bleſſing, and ſupplicate the Deity for them in prayer.

Nor does the filial love of the Iriſh mountaineer expire with his parents. He cloſes their eyes, attends their remains to the tomb with grateful ſorrow, and occaſionally

viſits

viſits the grave of thoſe who gave him being, and bedews it with his tears. From ſuch a diſpoſition, what excellent virtues might be produced with proper cultivation! but, alas! ignorance and ſuperſtition contract thoſe faculties with lethargic torpor, and many an excellent mind is buried in thoſe remote regions, like the diamond in the mine.

An Account of Captain Williamſon's Eſtabliſhment on Lake Ontario, in North America.

THIS immenſe undertaking is under the direction, and in the name of Captain Williamſon, (who had been formerly an officer in the Britiſh army) but is generally ſuppoſed, in America, to be a joint concern between him and Sir William Pulteney, of London; in England, Sir William is believed to be the proprietor, and Captain Williamſon his agent.

The land in the Geneſſee country, or that part of it which belongs to the ſtate of Maſſachuſets, was firſt ſold to a Mr. Philps, for five pence an acre; by him, in 1790, to Mr. Morris at one ſhilling per acre; being eſtimated at a million of acres; on condition that the money ſhould be returned, provided Captain Williamſon, who was to view the lands, ſhould not find them anſwerable to the deſcription. Captain Williamſon was pleaſed with them; and on ſurvey, found the tract, containing one hundred and twenty thouſand acres more than the eſtimate, the whole of which was conveyed to him.

This diſtrict is bounded on one ſide by Lake Ontario, and on the other by the river Geneſſee. Williamſon alſo bought ſome other land of Mr. Morris, ſo that he is now proprietor of more than a million and a half acres.

After ſurveying the whole, he reſolved to found at once ſeveral large eſtabliſhments, rather than one capital colony. He therefore fixed on the moſt eligible places for building towns, as central ſpots to his whole ſyſtem: theſe were Bath, on the river Cohetoon; Williamſburg, on the Geneſſee; Geneva, on the extremity of Lake Seneca; and Great Sodus, on Lake Ontario. The whole territory he divided into ſquares of ſix miles, or as near as local circumſtances would admit. Each of theſe ſections he forms into what he calls a diſtrict.

Sure

Sure of finding ſettlers and purchaſers, when he had eſtabliſhed a good communication between his new tract and Philadelphia; and as the old road was by way of New York and Albany, Williamſon opened a road, which has ſhortened the diſtance near three hundred miles. He has alſo continued his roads from Bath, to Conandagua, to Geneva, and to Great Sodus, and ſeveral other roads of communication. He has already erected ten mills, three corn, and ſeven ſawing; has built a great many houſes, and began to clear land.

He put himſelf to the heavy expence of tranſporting eighty families from Germany, to his ſettlements; but owing to a bad choice made by his agent at Hamburgh, they did little, and after a ſhort time ſet off for Canada.

He ſucceeded better in his next ſet, who were moſtly Iriſh; they put the roads into good condition, and gave ſuch a different face to the whole, that land which he had ſold at one dollar an acre, was ſoon worth three; and he has diſpoſed of eight hundred thouſand acres in this way, ſo as to pay the firſt purchaſe, the whole expence incurred; and has made a profit of fifty thouſand pounds ſterling.

This rapid increaſe of property, is owing to the money firſt advanced: but the great advantage is Captain Williamſon's conſtant reſidence on the ſettlement, which enables him to conclude any contract, or remove any difficulty which may ſtand in the way. Beſides, his land is free from all diſpute or queſtion of occupancy, and all his ſettlement is properly aſcertained and marked out. The land which was ſold at one, has gradually riſen to three dollars an acre; and a proviſo is always inſerted in the deed of ſale to thoſe who purchaſe a large quantity, that a certain number of acres ſhall be cleared, and a certain number of families ſettled within eighteen months. Thoſe who buy from five hundred to a thouſand acres, are only obliged to ſettle one family. Theſe clauſes are highly uſeful, as they draw an increaſe of population, and prevent the purchaſe of land on ſpeculation only. Captain Williamſon, however, never acts up to the rigour of this clauſe, where any known obſtacles impede the execution. The terms of payment are, to diſcharge half the purchaſe in three years, and the remainder in ſix, which enables the induſtrious to pay from the produce of the land. The poorer families he ſupplies with an ox, a cow, or even a houſe. To all the ſettlements he eſtabliſhes, he takes care to ſecure a conſtant ſupply of proviſions for the ſettlers, or ſupplies them from his own ſtore.

Wherever five or ſix ſettlers build together, he always builds a houſe at his own expence, which ſoon ſells at an advanced price. Every year he viſits each ſettlement, which tends to diffuſe a ſpirit of induſtry, and promote the ſale of land; and he employs every other means he can ſuggeſt to be uſeful to the inhabitants; he keeps ſtores of medicines, encourages races and amuſements, and keeps a ſet of beautiful ſtallions. He has nearly finiſhed his great undertaking, and propoſes then to take a voyage to England to purchaſe the beſt horſes, cattle, ſheep, inſtruments of agriculture, &c.

Captain Williamſon has not only the merit of having formed, and that in ſo judicious a manner, this fine ſettlement; but he has the happineſs to live univerſally reſpected, honoured, and beloved. Bath is the chief ſettlement, and is to be the chief town of a county of the ſame name. At this town he is building a ſchool, which is to be endowed with ſome hundred acres of land: the ſalary of the maſter, Captain Williamſon means to pay, until the inſtruction of the children ſhall be ſufficient for his ſupport. He has built a ſeſſion's houſe and priſon, and one good inn, which he has ſold for a conſiderable profit, and is now building another which is to contain a ball-room. He has alſo conſtructed a bridge which opens a free and eaſy communication with the other ſide of the river.

He keeps in his own hands ſome ſmall farms in the vicinity of Bath, which are under the care of a Scotchman, and which appear to be better ploughed and managed than moſt in America. In all the ſettlements he reſerves one eſtate for himſelf; the ſtock on which is remarkably good. Theſe he diſpoſes of occaſionally to friends, and on ſome handſome offer.

To the ſettlements already mentioned, he is now adding two others on Lake Ontario, near Rondegut, on the river Geneſſee, and the other at Braddock, thirty miles further inland. Great Sodus, on the coaſt of this diſtrict, promiſes to afford a ſafe and convenient place for ſhips from the depth of water, and it may be eaſily fortified.

The climate here is much more temperate than in Pennſylvania, the winter ſeldom laſt more than four months; and the cattle, even in that ſeaſon, graze in the foreſt without inconvenience.

Theſe ſettlements are, however, rather unhealthy, which Captain Williamſon aſcribes to nothing but the natural effect of the climate on new ſettlers, and is confined to a few fits of

a fever,

a fever, with which ſtrangers are ſeized the firſt or ſecond year after their arrival. The inhabitants however all agree, that the climate is unfavourable; and marſhes and pieces of ſtagnant water are thickly ſpread over the country, but theſe will be drained as the population increaſes. On the whole, it promiſes to be one of the moſt conſiderable ſettlements in America.

Remarkable Exploſion of Gunpowder at Barking.

ON a tablet hanging up in the church of All-hallows Barking, Tower-ſtreet, Eſſex, it is thus written—"This church was much defaced and ruined by a lamentable blow of 27 barrels of gunpowder, that took fire on the 4th of January, 1649, in a ſhip-chandler's houſe, over againſt the ſouth ſide of the church, and afterwards was repaired and beautified again by a voluntary contribution of the pariſhioners."

The account of this diſaſter is as follows: "One of the houſes in this place was a ſhip-chandler's, who, on the 4th of January aforeſaid, being buſy in his ſhop, barrelling up gunpowder, it took fire, and in the twinkling of an eye blew up not only that, but all the houſes thereabouts, to the number (towards the ſtreet and in back alleys) of fifty or ſixty. The number of perſons deſtroyed by this blow, could not be known, for the next houſe but one was the Roſe Tavern, a houſe always full of company at that time of night, and that day the pariſh dinner was at the houſe; and in three or four days after, digging, they continually found heads, legs, &c. miſerably torn, and ſcorched, beſides many whole bodies, with not ſo much as their cloaths ſinged. In this accident there were two things very remarkable; the miſtreſs of the houſe of the Roſe Tavern was found ſitting in her bar, and one of the drawers ſtanding by the bar-ſide, with a pot in his hand, only ſtifled with duſt and ſmoak; their bodies being preſerved whole by means of great timbers falling acroſs, one upon another. Alſo, the next morning there was found upon the upper leads of Barking church, a young child lying in a cradle, neither child nor cradle having the leaſt ſign of any fire or hurt. It was never known who the child was, ſo that one of the pariſhes kept it for a memorial. And in the year 1666, (ſays Mr. Stow,) I ſaw the child then grown up to be a proper maiden, and came to the man that had kept her all that time, when he was drinking at a tavern, and he aſſerted the above circumſtance to be true."

DRESS *of a* BEAU *in* 1770.

A Coat of light green, with ſleeves too ſmall for the arms, and buttons too big for the ſleeves: a pair of Manchester fine ſtuff breeches, without money in the pockets; clouded ſilk ſtockings, but no legs; a club of hair behind larger than the head that carries it; a hat of the ſize of a ſix-pence, on a block not worth a farthing.

AN ANECDOTE.

IN the vicinity of Aſhbourne, in Derbyſhire, lies Dovedale, a ſpot celebrated far and near for its wide and romantic ſcenery. A foot path winds along its ſide, and ſometimes preſents a tremendous declivity. At one of theſe places, a few years ago, an Iriſh Dean on horſeback, with a lady behind him, was by accident thrown down a precipice, and daſhed to pieces. The lady was ſaved by catching hold of a twig: the ſhattered remains of the unfortunate clergyman were interred in Aſhbourne church, where a plain ſtone is dedicated to his memory.

Anſwer, by Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers, to the Charade, by E. Sherman, inſerted October 27.

YOUR firſt is *Butter* I declare,
And for your next let *Boat* appear;
Theſe parts combin'd there will be made
A BUTTER-BOAT, the whole charade.

*** Similar anſwers have been received from W. Saunders, jun. Loddiſwell; T. Jarvis, Malborough; J. King, Kingſbridge; William Sherwell, Modbury; W. England, Lyme; G. England, Uplyme; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; E. T. S. C. Baker, and W. B. of Poole; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; J. Ball, jun. Taunton; T. Coumbe, Stonehouſe; J. H. of Plymouth Dock; Philom. of Teingmouth; and Primroſe, of Weſt Coker.

Anſwer, by W. England, of Lyme, to W. G.'s Rebus, inſerted November 3.

ROUSE, rouſe, ye Britons! and let NELSON be
The pattern of your future victory.

*** We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunteers; Thomas Churchouſe, Yeovil; W. Brock, Evercreech; Serjeant Towning, of the Fivehead Volunteers; G. England, Uplyme; Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. Nioms, St. Agnes; W. Harris, H. H. and W. Gregory, of Exeter; J. H. of Plymouth Dock; W. Sherwell, of Modbury; T. Webber, jun. of Tiverton; J. R. Toulmin, and John Ball, jun. of Taunton; R. Maſſett, of Saltaſh; W. Chudleigh, Newton Buſhel; Primroſe, Weſt Coker; T. Coumbe, Stonehouſe; J. King, Kingſbridge; W. B. P. of Poole; and William Saunders, jun. of Loddiſwell.

A QUESTION, *taken from the Gentleman's Mathematical Companion for the Year* 1801, *and inſerted at the Requeſt of a Correſpondent.*

GIVEN $\left\{\begin{array}{l}\sqrt{v^3}+\sqrt[3]{x^2}=3v\\ \sqrt{v}+\sqrt[3]{x}=v\end{array}\right\}$

To find the values of v and x.

A REBUS, *by W. E. of Lyme.*

MY firſt is dear, kind Sirs, you all muſt know;
My ſecond is a means you'll plainly ſhow;
My laſt is ſeen each day throughout the year
On my foregoing two, I do declare.

Oh thou deteſted whole! May Heaven prevent
The kind and gen'rous from thy vile intent!
That they thro' thee be not deny'd the power
To feed the poor in a diſtreſſed hour.

A CHARADE, *by J. Bulgin, of Caſtle Cary.*

HARK! the huntſman founds his horn,
And Jowler leads the cry;
In thick purſuit the dogs draw on—
My firſt is doom'd to die.

When winds blow loud, and tempeſts roar,
The ſea runs mountain high;
The ſailor then, with anxious hopes,
My ſecond would deſcry.

Ye ſapient youths, who myſtic lore
Judiciouſly expound,
Go ſearch Devonia's fertile plains,
'Tis there my whole is found.

POETRY.

To OCTAVIA.

AS each eventful year fulfils its courſe,
Reflection ſtrikes the mind with added force:
In her broad mirror faithfully portrays
The joys and ſorrows of its fleeting days.
Awful inſtruction! Shadows deep appear—
With ſtreams of light to mark how deep they were.
Like fruit, the joys, by nipping ſeaſons croſs'd,
Conceal'd and almoſt in the foliage loſt;
Where tangled groves of melancholy green,
Will ſcarce admit a twilight glimpſe between:
Yet light does pierce at times the gloom profound,
And ſought with care, fruit 'mongſt the leaves is found.
For theſe the heart its grateful thanks will pour,
And what is rare, mankind will prize the more.
But ah! how much the mind muſt ſeek repoſe
On paſt events—to ſee a century cloſe:
Our anceſtors, our friends, or great or good,
In its vaſt vortex ſwept as with a flood.
We gaze with wonder at th' unfolding page,
And pauſe upon the awful threſhold of an age.
Can ſuch a ſeaſon paſs unheeded by,
Whoſe archives bear "glad tidings" from on high?
Age after age its rapid race may run,
Thoſe glorious tidings ſhall but be begun
To all that follow, unimpair'd and new:
And every age that's paſt has found them true.
Religion only can our ſtrength ſupply,
And teach us how to live, or how to die:
The ſoul's bright hope, whate'er on earth betide,
The wealth of poverty—the ſcourge of pride;
Of ſweet humility the chearing gueſt;
The ſtedfaſt rock where broken ſpirits reſt:
Of meek compaſſion the companion dear;
To precious gems converting every tear:
The infant's cradle, and the crutch of age;
To fools 'tis wiſdom, glory to the ſage:
The death of fraud, of blameleſs joy the birth;
The cloſe communion 'tis of Heaven with earth:
Affliction's balm, the ſorrowing ſinner's friend;
Peace all its aim, and happineſs its end.

Tho' lawleſs paſſion it forbid to glow,
It conſecrates all virtuous love below.
Think not, Octavia dear, 'tis wrong to dwell,
With tender thought on him who loves ſo well:
For every gentle ſigh which you impart
Falls a ſweet dew-drop on his conſtant heart;
To medicate the ills 'tis doom'd to bear,
And cheriſh every ſeed of virtue there.

VARRIUS.

The

The DIRGE *of* WALLACE.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Esq.* Author of "The Pleasures of Hope."

THEY lighted a taper at the dead of night,
And chaunted their holiest hymn;
But her brow and her bosom were damp with affright;
Her eye was all sleepless and dim!
And the lady of Elderslie wept for her lord,
When a death-watch beat in her lonely room,
When her curtain had shook of its own accord,
And the raven had flapp'd at her window-board,
To tell of her warrior's doom:

"Now sing ye the death-song, and loudly pray
"For the soul of my Knight so dear;
"And call me a widow this wretched day,
"Since the warning of God is here!
"For a night-mare rides on my strangled sleep:
"The lord of my bosom is doomed to die;
"His valourous heart they have wounded deep;
"And the blood-red tears shall his country weep
"For Wallace of Elderslie"

Yet knew not his country the ominous hour,
Ere the loud matin bell was rung,
That a trumpet of death on an English tower
Had the dirge of her champion sung!
When his dungeon-light look'd dim and red
On the high-born blood of a martyr slain,
No anthem was sung at his holy death-bed;
No weeping there was when his bosom bled,
And his heart was rent in twain!

Oh! it was not thus when his oaten spear
Was true to that Knight forlorn,
And hosts of a thousand were scatter'd like deer,
At the blast of the hunter's horn;
When he strode on the wreck of each well-fought field
With the yellow-hair'd chiefs of his native land;
For his lance was not shiver'd on helmet or shield;
And the sword that seem'd fit for Archangel to wield
Was light in his terrible hand!

Yet bleeding and bound, tho' the Wallace wight
For his long-lov'd country die,
The bugle ne'er sung to a braver Knight
Than William of Elderslie!
But the day of his glory shall never depart:
His head unentomb'd shall with glory be palm'd;
From its blood streaming altar his spirit shall start;
Tho' the raven has fed on his mouldering heart,
A nobler was never embalm'd!

TO AN INFANT.

ON parent's knee, a naked new-born child,
Weeping thou sat'st, while all around thee smil'd.
So live that sinking in thy last long sleep
Calm may'st thou smile, while all around thee weep!